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PAYABLE YEARLY.

POETRY.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

At Number One dwelt Captain Drew,
George Benson dwelt at Number Two;
(The street we'll not now mention.)
The latter stunn'd the King's Bench bar,
The former being famed in war,
Sung solemn upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both—than he
None deeper in the mystery
Of culinary knowledge;
From Turtle soup to Stilton cheese,
Apt student, taking his degrees
In Mrs. Rendell's College.

Benson to dine invited Tom;
Proud of an invitation from
A host who "spread so nicely,"
Tom answered, ere the ink was dry,
"Extremely happy—come on Fri-
day next, at six precisely."

Blewit, with expectation fraught,
Drove up at six, each savory thought
Ideal turbot rich in;
But, ere he reached the winning post,
He saw a Haunch of Venison roast-
ing in the next door kitchen.

"Hey! Zounds! what's this? a haunch at Drews?
I must drop in; I can't refuse;
To pass were downright treason;
To cut Ned Benson's not quite staunch;
But the provocative—a haunch!
Zounds! it's the first this season.

Venison, thou'rt mine! I'll talk no more—"
Then, rapping thrice at Benson's door,
"John, I'm in such a hurry!
Do tell your master that my aunt
Is paralytic, quite astute,
I must be off for Surrey."

Now Tom at next door makes a din—
"Is Captain Drew at home?" "Walk in—"
"Drew, how d'ye do?" "What! Blewit?"
"Yes, I—you've asked me many a day,
To drop in, in a quiet way,
So now I'm come to do it."

"I am very glad you have," said Drew,
"I've nothing but an Irish stew—"
Quoth Tom (aside) "No matter,
'Tis not my stomach's up to that,
'Twill lie by till the lucid fat
Comes quivering on the platter."

"You see your dinner, Tom," Drew cried,
"No, but I don't think," Tom replied;
"I smok'd below," "What?" "Venison—"
A haunch! "Oh! true, it is not mine;
My neighbour has some friends to dine—"
"Your neighbor! who?" "George Benson.

"His chimney smoked; the scene to change,
I let him have my kitchen range,
While his was newly polished;
The Venison you observed below,
Went home just half an hour ago;
I guess it's now demolished.

"Tom, why that look of doubtful dread?
Come help yourself to salt and bread,
Don't sit with hands and knees up;
But dine, for once, of Irish stew,
And read the 'Dog and Shadow' through,
When next you open 'Esop'."

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

TO BONNET MAKERS.

The English smooth stalked Meadow Grass (Pon pratensis) or, as it is more commonly called in New-England, the English Spear Grass—furnishes a straw equal if not superior to the Leghorn, both in strength and beauty. The season for cutting it is fast approaching, when it may be managed in the following manner; let the grass wilt after cutting, and then the upper joint (the only part valuable) can be easily pulled out by taking hold of the top; it must then be bleached in the same manner as the common rye when prepared for bonnets.—Salem Gaz.

The Legislature of Massachusetts was prorogued on the 15th inst. after a session of little more than a fortnight. Among the acts passed, was one, dividing the Commonwealth into thirteen districts for the choice of Members of Congress.

COMMERCIAL CUSTOM.

Boston, June 19.

Some question has arisen among merchants in this town, when freight in foreign vessels is payable at the rate of exchange, relative to the day on which the rate should be taken. We are informed that it is the custom in New-York in such cases to pay freight at the current rate on the day the vessel enters at the Custom-House.

The Long-Island Farmer states, that eleven pounds of well washed fine white wool was sheared, a few days since, from a merino buck, belonging to Mr. James Scott.

N. Y. Gazette.

Blasphemy.—Jonathan Todd, accused of Blasphemy, was sentenced at the late term of Common Pleas, for the county of Tioga, (N. Y.) to be imprisoned in the county jail for the space of thirty days, and to pay a fine of \$30.

The case of Jacob Barker.—On Saturday, the Recorder pronounced the opinion of the Court in the case of Jacob Barker, convicted of sending a challenge to David Rogers. They overruled every objection taken by Mr. Barker in his defence, and passed the sentence of the law, viz: disqualification from holding any office, civil or military. Mr. B. intends to remove the case to a higher tribunal.

A southern paper says that several instances have been discovered of one side of the apple trees dying whilst the other side of them were in a thriving state. A gentleman dug down from 12 to 18 inches, to the bottom of the main roots of that side of the tree, and under the roots found many white worms, 3-4 to 1 inch in length; and as large as angle worms; he found none of them till he came to the under side of the roots, from which he concludes that they either girdle the roots to perforate them so as to stop the sap, and consequently the trees become diseased and die.

Has a man a right to the possession of his own Wife?—This question it appears has been recently and gravely agitated in the Court of Common Pleas, and general Sessions of the Peace at Genesee, Livingston County, under the following circumstances:—An action on the case was brought by the husband against the father of the wife, for forcibly taking her away and detaining her against her own will, and that of her husband. The decision in the court below, was in favor of the plaintiff, and the defendant appealed. On the trial of the appeal, it was admitted that the daughter was a minor, and married against the will and without the consent of the defendant. The marriage was admitted to be legal. The defendant's counsel contended that the father had a right by law, to the custody and services of his minor child, the marriage notwithstanding; and the court on that ground nonsuited the plaintiff. On a subsequent day of the term, however, the court set aside the non suit, and granted a new trial; Riggs and James, Judges, dissenting; so that the parties now stand in statu quo. We may add, ante bellum.

N. Y. Spect.

The Editors of the Richmond Enquirer announce the receipt of a second letter from Mr. Jefferson in relation to the bill of exchange, and on the authority of an eye witness of the press copy of the original account rendered by Mr. J. to the United States, deny that the entry was for cash received, but merely for the bill drawn, &c. The contrary was positively asserted by the "Native of Virginia."

N. Y. Amer.

In an action lately brought at New-York, against a Fireward, by a person who thought himself improperly treated at a fire, the jury gave a verdict of six cents damages.

A cedar snuff box, inlaid with gold, has been presented by the duke of York to the Rev. Mr. Demarest, of Tappan, N. Y. for his attention to the remains of the late Major Andre, which were disinterred from his grounds. The cedar, from which the box is carved, grew upon the grave.

The Key of the Bastille.—In answer to an inquiry from the Berks and Schuylkill Journal, we state that the Key of the Bastille is in the United States. It is at Mount Vernon and is the property of Judge Washington.

Ala. Herald.

Lord Byron is stated to be in confinement at Pisa, on account of a fracas on the road with a mounted dragoon, who was wounded, after grossly maltreating Lord B's companions.

Prior rights of democracy.—Among the reasons given in a Georgia paper why the Militia, of that state ought to be paid in preference to those of Massachusetts, are "that Republicanism has ever predominated in the political state of Georgia"—and that "her Citizens are, en masse, democratic."

Bronze Statue of Washington.—Advices have been received from London, that a Statue of colossal size can be furnished for £4000 sterling, (about \$18,000). The celebrated Flaxman is now finishing one of George the third, at that price, for the Liverpool merchants.

No doubt our Mayor and the Committee, will avail themselves of this information, and carry the wishes of our citizens into immediate effect, upon this national subject. Only two shillings from each inhabitant of our city, will give the requisite sum.

N. Y. paper.

Advancing Backwards.—The following Ex-Governors of "free and independent States," are now Senators of the U. States, viz. Governor BARBOUR, of Virginia; Gov. LLOYD, of Maryland; Gov. BROWN, of Ohio; Gov. FINDLAY, of Pennsylvania; Gov. DICKERSON, of New Jersey; Gov. KNIGHT, of R. Island; and Gov. BELL, of New-Hampshire.—To which may be added, that Gov. KING, of Maine, is a Commissioner under the Florida treaty.

Failures in Boston.—The Boston Galaxy of May 31, says "A number of heavy and unexpected failures have occurred in Boston within a short time past—and should the present scarcity of cash continue, they must be followed by others, to an equal or larger amount."

Capt. Lamson, of the big Belvidere, arrived at N. Orleans, from P. au-Prince, states that on his passage he was hailed by a piratical vessel, the capt. of which ordered him to come on board.—Capt. L. replied that he would, and after some delay, the crew of the B. preparing to defend themselves in the interval, the capt. of the pirate came alongside in his boat, and boarded the Belvidere, and was instantly shot down by Capt. Lamson. A severe conflict immediately ensued between the crew of the Belvidere and the boat's crew of the pirate. The pirates were defeated, with the loss of 6 men, and the Belvidere had one seaman mortally wounded.

An English ship, bound to Havana, has put into Mazas, in distress, having been captured, on the 28th ult. by the Cuba pirates, the capt. and mate hung up at the yard arm, and the crew inhumanly beaten. [Notwithstanding the repeated aggressions, by these outlaws, on the commerce of Great Britain, we do not perceive that the government has taken any effectual measures to chastise them—every thing appears to have been left for our gallant navy to perform.]

Century Discourse.—The Rev. Jacob Flint, of Cohasset, has published two interesting discourses, delivered December 16, 1821, on the completion of a century from the gathering of the Church of which he is Pastor. The following anecdote is related of the Reverend John Brown, who was ordained as Minister of Cohasset in the year 1747. There was but one person in the parish who opposed his settlement. Mr. Brown called on the dissatisfied person and inquired the cause of his opposition. "I like your person and manners," said the opposer, "but your preaching, Sir, I disapprove." "Then," replied Mr. Brown, "we are agreed." My preaching I do not like very well myself;

but how great the folly for you and I to set up our opinion against that of the whole parish." The man was convinced by this argument, and became reconciled to his Minister.

REPERTORY.

COLLECTANEA.

Noel and Interesting Sight.—Two men were seen walking in the water on Monday afternoon, for a length of time near Governor's Island, in Life Preserving Dresses, and one of them (a very stout man) walked across from the Island to the Battery as upright as on shore, to the astonishment of hundreds of spectators. We understand that the proprietor of this invention intends to shew the effect and usefulness of such a dress in case of shipwreck, in a public exhibition next week. It is hoped so useful an invention will meet with every encouragement.—N. York paper.

ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.

One morning that one of his Chamberlains, related to the first nobility of France, was in the anti-chamber of the Emperor's closet, the latter called him, and asked for a book. "Sire," said the Chamberlain, "the Valets are gone out, but I will call them." "I do not ask them," replied Napoleon, "I ask you: What difference is there between them and you? They have a laced green livery, and you have an embroidered red."

AGRICULTURAL.

Stockbridge, June 13.—We have tried the experiment (which is going the rounds of the newspapers,) of "setting out an Onion stalk in each hill of Cucumbers and Melons," to prevent Bugs from destroying them, and find that it wholly fails. Ashes sifted lightly upon the plants, a few times, when the dew is on, is the best and most effectual remedy against Bugs that we have tried.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

VEGETATION.

We hear of much injury having been done to the vegetation in different places by the long continuance of cold weather in April, and the drought which has since prevailed. The worms also appear to be making great havoc among the fruit trees. In Madison county they are said to be so numerous as to almost baffle all endeavors to drive them from the dwellings of the inhabitants. Fruit trees, in many instances, are literally covered with their webs, and even the forests in some places present the appearance of having been over-run by fire. The Onondaga Republican observes that Currier's or Linseed Oil is a certain and speedy death to them. A small quantity of oil put in and about their encampments, "is sure to destroy the whole army of these inveterate enemies to Fruit Trees."

A vessel has been constructed for the navigation of the Forth and Clyde canal, in Scotland, entirely of forged iron. It is larger and at the same time lighter than any of those employed. It will contain 200 passengers.

The discovery made by Vamhagen, a German, at Rio Janeiro, is important. He has found that saw dust, particularly of soft wood, mixed with gunpowder, triples its force. The method of applying this discovery to the blowing up of rocks is peculiarly interesting. The mine is charged with a mixture of saw dust and powder, and the whole covered with dry sand, thro' which is passed a reed or straw filled with priming powder, so that the danger resulting from the dispersion of the stone is prevented.

Among the more important discoveries, we may certainly place that of Mr. Oslander, in Gotingen, viz. pure charcoal of wood is a perfect preservation against the rusting of iron and steel, and against the oxidation of other metals, as well as against the decomposition of many other bodies.

There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments since he that perseveres, makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory, and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her and zealously to labor after her virtues, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is late; her reward is also with her and she will come quickly.—For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth; where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, every subjugated passion, "like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word."

MISCELLANY.

From the Emporium.

THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

That every picture of human society might be diversified, as that the bright colours it contained should glow with livelier beauties when contrasted with bordering shades, nature, after she had finished, with the most delicate touches, the darling character of love, pity, and generosity of the heart, permitted a demon to pass and draw a line of a darker hue. Hoping, at one dash, to mar the beauty of the whole, he touched the heart with a pencil dipped in gall, and called the stain ingratitude. How often, beneath the baneful influence of that single touch, has the finer feelings of the bosom been obliterated, and love grown cold and withered in the very spring time of the passions, and pity pined away till it forgot its attributes, and generosity been clouded with the mists of selfishness? It is delightful to believe, that in most instances this has not been the issue; I would that it had not in the case I am to speak of.

Mr. Harwick was a gentleman of fortune, residing in a village in a remote part of the colony of New-Jersey, about the middle of the last century; and, after having lost the partner of his early life, he retired from active business, and devoted his time to the education of his two children. Harry who was the eldest of the two, was a lad of good parts, naturally quick in his perception, active and ambitious; his brother Raleigh, on the contrary, without possessing any of that energy which marked the other's character, was of a kind and affectionate temper, more fond of pleasure than of study, and not at all disposed willingly to sacrifice his ease to the acquisition of knowledge or the accumulation of a fortune. Between dispositions so opposite it need hardly be said, the bias of the father, who had been all his life a man of the world, and who was himself all spirit and activity, always preponderated in favor of his eldest son. And though his natural affection forbade him from harbouring a thought of neglecting his youngest offspring, he early determined to leave his estate to the elder, reserving for Raleigh just such a portion as might serve, with care and industry, to secure him against the approaches of poverty.

Idolizing, as he did, his Henry, all that affection could do towards instilling into his mind the precepts, and forming the habits, which would tend to make him wise and virtuous, was done by Mr. Harwick. Nor did the fond father conceal from him his determination of making him the sole heir of his estate. And he often used to say

to him as he repeated his promises, and re-assured him of his favor, "Harry, when I am gone the only return I ask of you to make is, that you imitate the example I have set you; be kind to your brother, assist him when he wants assistance, and counsel him when he wants advice. And remember the poor as you never saw one go in want from my door, so let none go needy from yours."

Conscious of the vicissitudes of life, though a hale and vigorous man, Mr. Harwick had made his will, and arranged his affairs to his wishes, when the war of 1759 broke out. His father had been an officer under Marlborough in the wars of Queen Anne, and the military spirit of the family was so far from being extinguished, that though Mr. H. was by his age exempted from the performance of duty, he turned out promptly, and heading a company of volunteers, joined the forces which had arrived from Britain, & marched towards Quebec.

The two brothers lived, after the departure of their father, in the frequent interchange of that familiarity to which they had been accustomed, until the news of the battle of Quebec arrived, and, with it, intelligence of the death of their parent in the conflict. This event, calculated as it was to excite in the bosoms of new made orphans emotions of warmer attachment, was destined to sunder them forever. The will was produced. By it the bulk of Mr. H's property was devised to his eldest son, and a small tract of land only given to the younger.

But Harry Harwick, so far from gratitude towards his father's memory, felt only envy towards his brother; he had expected Raleigh would have been entirely disinherited; he was vile enough to wish it had been so, and unnatural as it was he resolved to plot his ruin. It happened at this very time there existed another claim to the tract which Raleigh possessed, and although Mr. H's title to it had been once confirmed, Harry now instigated the prosecution of a new suit, with a view that it might be wrested from his brother, and given to a swindling stranger. This treachery was unlooked for, but what is worse, it was successful.

It seldom happens that nature is so unequal in her dealings as to leave any man wholly destitute of valuable qualities, and what men lack on one score is frequently made up to them on another. Raleigh though inferior to his brother in point of talent, possessed far more fortitude, and when this most cruel and unlooked for change in the department of that brother and in his own circumstances, came, he stood up undismayed, untrembling amid all. But there was a point in which he had not yet been touched, a point unutterably tender; no one had rivalled him in the heart of Julia L. and though she was poor, like himself, in fortune, they were both rich in that which could have reconciled them to a hut, a hermitage or a desert, could their hands and name and destinies have been one.

Envy is only gratified when the object of its rancorous shrinks. Raleigh had not, and Harry resolved to pursue, with new vigour his design of making him miserable; perchance he loved; the beauty, and the magic grace that hung about the simple Julia, warranted such a conclusion; but if he did not his wicked heart prompted him, for the mischief's sake, to become himself her suitor. With that cold, calculating policy which is so apt to sway the mind when the blood is cold, and which has broken so many a fine strung heart, the parents of Julia gave a decided preference to their wealthier guest. But she, with the generous impulse of a first and ardent love, no less often the accompaniment of youth, resolved to adhere to the first choice with equal tenacity. Raleigh, for the first time, felt his fate trembling on the breath of fortune when he was dismissed the house of his mistress by her parents. And every stolen interview, while it confirmed both in the entire possession of each other's hearts, still lessened the prospect of their mutual happiness, and increased that of their mutual wretchedness. I need only say, that the parents of Julia were not to be contented with any sacrifice on the part of their daughter short of her marriage with Harry Harwick.

Love, however powerful, must be united with something like natural resolution to withstand the combined attack of parents and friends, riches, honour, and exquisite ingenuity; Julia's courage was insufficient to the task, though her heart's decision was irrevocable. Raleigh heard of the triumph of his unnatural brother in engaging her, a lovely and reluctant victim, to be led to the sacrifice.

Losing all fortitude, he flew to Julia's father; perhaps—but at least he could remonstrate; he could protest; he could recall his previous promises; he felt for the first time eloquent; but the first syllable he uttered was met by this reply—"Young man would you have my daughter reject a fortune to marry a beggar?" It was enough: he sought the solitude of his home to weep over his fate, and curse the cupidity of the human heart.

Harry Harwick resolved to profit by his present success, and put even fate at defiance, for conscious guilt is always fearful of whims of time. The marriage night was fixed; the marriage supper was prepared; the guests invited; and in his own mansion, he stood before the venerable pastor of the village, ready to pronounce with triumph his vows of love to her who stood pale and weeping by his side. "Poor Julia," he ejaculated many a one, "she looks so unlike a bride." With her eyes fixed on the floor, her heart still with Raleigh in his humble cottage, and while the tremor of her lovely form was visible to every one, she heard not the holy man begin the marriage ceremony, and hardly did she hear a bolder and less trembling voice pronounce from the midst of the standing crowd, "Old man, would you have your daughter reject a fortune to marry a beggar?" The clergyman dropped his book, and the listeners started, and a general shriek was heard as a bold athletic man came forward to the centre of the room, threw off a cloak of fur, and gazed with an eye of stern indignation on Harry Harwick. "Have mercy heaven," said the youth, "it is my father's face." "And it is your father's voice," returned the other, "that pronounces you a beggar; go from my presence, I utterly disown you; Raleigh is my son, the

heir of my fortune, and the destined husband of Julia L.—"

It was no delusion. Mr. Harwick had purposely escaped, after the battle of Quebec was over, and was, by his contrivance, reported as killed. He had been watching in disguise and seclusion over the proceedings of his children; and had just now come up with Raleigh, whose story he had heard and to whom he had made himself known, in time to prevent the contemplated union. He proposed, at the moment, that Raleigh and Julia should be united. "We will not," said he, "spoil the cheer, or send that sweet lass away without a husband, since all is ready." The proposals were received, even by the parents of Julia, with the most joyous acclamation. The lovers were married, and long before the wine had ceased to flow, they made their escape from the scene of revelry, and not one faint recollection seemed lingering on the brows of those remaining of aught that had preceded.

As for the ungrateful Harry, his father, who was as inflexible in his displeasure as he was kind in his better moods, fitted him out for a voyage to sea, from which he never returned, being lost in a storm off the coast of Ireland; and the last act of remembrance ever borne him by his father, was the erection of a monument, on which was inscribed "To the memory of Henry Harwick, the Ungrateful Son."

HORATIO.

Georgetown, D. C. May 4.

A very novel and whimsical trial came on in our Circuit Court on Thursday last, Nancy Swann, a lady of color whose mighty powers of witch craft have made "de black niggers, and de poor white trash" tremble, was indicted for practising in and upon one Peter Belt, in the peace of God and the said United States, then and there being feloniously, wilfully and of her malice aforethought did make an assault, and that the same Nancy Swann with a certain hot poker which she in her right hand then and there held, wilfully, and of her malice aforethought, did push and thrust down the throat of him, the said Peter Belt; and of her further malice aforethought, did then and there drench the said Peter Belt with a certain pungent liquid; and of her further malice aforethought, did prick and stick the said Peter Belt in his body, and limbs with a certain flesh fork, which she in her hands then and there held; by means of said pushing and thrusting with the hot poker aforesaid; and of the said drenching with the pungent liquid aforesaid; and of the said pricking and sticking with the flesh fork aforesaid, the said Peter Belt on the said tenth day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two, at the county aforesaid, died against the peace and government of the United States.

Miss Nancy, if not a weird sister, certainly resembled those "charmers" so closely as to make the likeness very striking, and however sceptical the learned Court and jury might have been with respect to her being absolutely a bone fide witch, we maintain it to be next to impossible for them to look Miss Nancy in the face and die unbelievers. Mrs. Susan Johnson, a very discreet ebony lady of about thirty five, daughter in law of Peter Belt, deposed that she was present at this celebrated ceremony of fire burn and cauldron bubble, and that poor innocent Peter suspected he had been hurt by Mary Belt, his wife, who according to Mrs. Johnson's notions was not a "discreet woman," and consequently had received sundry chastisements from said Peter Belt. Peter it would appear could not get over the idea, that lady Belt "drugged his posset" and was therefore unwilling that she should minister farther unto him; but Mrs. Belt had one of two thoughts; either that she could not do too much for her kind husband, who had so lovingly beat her for her transgressions, or that being alive, he stood in her way towards a more suitable match—by which of these two she was influenced, it ill becomes us to say; but were it not for that everlasting spirit of charity which pervades us we should point blank declare that she was actuated by the latter. Be this as it may however, these two black and secret midnight bags, & Nanny Swann made their appearance before Peter; and Nancy arranged matters for untricking him—but Peter resisting the medicine to the last, recourse was had to a poker of about five feet in length, (a spoon being an insufficient lever for Peter's mouth) and the charmed medicine poured in et armis into his throat. They found it necessary also to the Peter's hands and feet, (he still protesting) while Miss Nancy amused herself with the delightful recreation of drilling eyelet holes in Peter's leg, thighs and feet, either with a view to let the spell escape, or in her incantations, she might have fancied herself pricking some nice breakfast biscuit. So it was, Nancy was so successful, as to drive off Peter and spell near about the same time.—All the instruments of torture used were exhibited in court; and Mrs. Johnson the witness, admitted they were the most "unmassive, fullest weapons she ever used."

Whether Nancy had inspired the minds of the lawyers with pity or with fear, lest she should practice on them, we cannot pretend to say; certain, however, she had no lack of advocates; and while the first two argued the law, the latter quoted the gospel. Yet the jury treated the matter with the most unbecoming levity and had not the speech of the gospel attorney been "pricking, thrusting, and full of pungent liquid," God only knows what would have become of Witch Nancy. Verdict, guilty of manslaughter; Metropolitan.

EPIGRAM ON A FALSE MISTRESS.

My heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you,
But now that we are torn asunder,
How I h'd with you is a wonder!

AN ANECDOTE.—VERIFIED.

A Pat, an old joker—and Yankee more sly,
Once riding together, a gallows pass'd by,
Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't make too free,
Give that gallows its due, and pray where would you be?"
"Why, honey," says Pat, "that's easily known;
I'd be riding to town by myself all alone."